

The Life and Times of a Villainous Hero

Story: The Life and Times of a Villainous Hero

Storylink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/s/1976274/1/>

Category: Golden Sun

Genre: Words: 5,924

Author: Yoru No Grim

Authorlink: <https://www.fanfiction.net/u/490421/>

Last updated: 07/23/2004

Words: 5924

Rating: T

Status: Complete

Content: Chapter 1 to 1 of 1 chapters

Source: FanFiction.net

Summary: My Tenth OneShot, so I made it extra-long. Imagine all the things Felix has seen during his life... Especially after the games are over. Sorry if the summary isn't good. It's finally here, so please read & review!

***Chapter 1*: The Life and Times of a Villainous Hero**

8BTFreek: Hello, readers! This is my latest OneShot, "The Life and Times of the Villainous Hero of Angara," AKA "The Life of Felix," AKA "The Big 10th Anniversary OneShot!"

Eshli: Tenth anniversary of what?

8BTFreek: This is my tenth OneShot. So, in honor of the past 9 OneShots, here's a shoutout to my reviewers on the front nine!

Reveiwers of Separation:

Lord Cynic, DarkHunter65 & Fluffy, Berlin'sBrownEyes, Cloud-Bahamut, pyro1588 (anonymous), Yoshimi Takahashi, Kitsune Asakura (anonymous), Mesoforte! Thanks, guys!

Reviewers of Love Remains:

Elderberry EKE, tigerlily98, Mesoforte, Kitsune Asakura! Thanks, guys!

Reviewers of On The Road:

tigerlily98, Pureauthor (anonymous), Rain Child, Mesoforte, Kitsune Asakura! Thanks, guys!

Reviewers of Unfeeling:

Mesoforte, Pureauthor, tigerlily98, Jupiter Sprite, Rain Child! Thanks, guys!

Reviewers of Change of Pace:

Mesoforte, Pureauthor, tigerlily98, Kitsune Asakura (anonymous)! Thanks, guys!

Reviewers of The Truth:

Pureauthor, DarkHunter65 & Fluffy, tigerlily98, Mesoforte, Kitsune Asakura (anonymous), Jupiter Sprite, Yugi The Other White Meat! Thanks, guys!

Reviewer (;-;) of This Was Not Me:
Mesoforte! Thanks, man!

Reviewers of I'll Remember Forever:
Tetra Seleno, Mesoforte, ACL/Rain Child (anonymous), 73H DR4C0, Jake Delfeir, Beans, Master of Reality, ice-phoenix-chan, moonjump05! Thanks, guys, although I'm kinda confused. Did some of you think I usually write Flameshipping without being prodded?

Reviewers of Spirit Guide:
anonymus (anonymous), ACL/Rain Child (anonymous), Mesoforte, Kitsune Asakura! Thanks, guys!

8BTFreeek: Well, thanks to all of the reviewers. Now then, there's one more thing I have to do. This story is dedicated to Mesoforte. Had to do it, man. You're the one constant reviewer that I've always had. Well, here it is, "The Life and Times of the Villainous Hero of Angara," based on Stairway to Heaven by Led Zeppelin. As always, I don't own the Song or Golden Sun.

{The Life and Times of the Villainous Hero of Angara}

"Here lies Felix, 18 A.D. - 86 A.L., Called by some Villain,
Called by all Hero."

{LaT}

The nine-year-old stood there, silently watching the proceeding. His great-grandmother had died of old age at eighty-seven, and today was her funeral. There was some commotion in the background - one of the local builders had

been commissioned to build something for her. She'd been greedy in life, and the one thing she'd finally wanted to get, she had gotten. Too bad she'd died before it could be started. Finally, there came time for speaking for the dead. The boy asked to speak a few words. His father agreed, not knowing what would happen. "There's a lady who's sure all that glitters is gold," he said, "and she's buying a stairway to Heaven." He looked back at all the commotion. "Avarice marked her life, and now it marks her death." An angry yell came up from the gathered people.

"Show some respect for the dead, Felix! She was our great-grandmother!" His father nodded in agreement. His mother, however, looked at the two of them.

"One owes their respect to the living," she said, glaring at the sister and father. "To the dead, one only owes the truth, be it kind or unkind." Felix let out a little cough, regaining the attention of the gathering.

"As I was saying, despite her greed, she will go on to Heaven. And when she gets there she knows if the stores are all closed, with a word she can get what she came for. Ease, comfort, and paradise." He bowed his head and looked down. "And she's buying a stairway to heaven."

{LaT}

Felix stared at the doorway. Menardi had told him to wait, but waiting was hard when you were sixteen. But Mother had told him to obey her, even though she knew he thought her to be a... {A witch, with a capital B. How dare they kidnap us? And Isaac's father, too. Damn it all, why did they mess with our lives?} The door opened, interrupting his thoughts.

"We're going to Imil," said Saturos, his dark eyes flashing. "We will meet there with a man named Alex. He says he has some information that might do us good." He snarled at Felix. "You are coming with."

Felix grew a little angry with the man. "Take Agatio, or Puelle, or even Menardi! Don't take me, though. I want to stay with my family." Saturos's snarl deepened. "Please, General. Don't take me with." Saturos spat on the boy's shoes.

"I will put up the list of who's going tomorrow. You'll have a week to prepare. You have been told." He turned on his heel and strode into the cabin. Felix spat on the ground after he'd left.

"Bastard," he muttered, walking back to the house he had been given.

The next day, true to his word, Saturos had put a sign on the door. "The following are headed on an important mission to Imil," it read. "Saturos, Menardi, Felix." Felix read the sign with a sinking heart. Karst ran up to him. "Is it true?" she asked. "Are you really leaving us?" Something he had never seen before from her came through her eyes.

"Karst, are you... Are you crying?" He took a step back. She nodded. "Why? I know you wanted to go, but I thought it might be dangerous... Too dangerous for me, and for you as well..." She pushed him into the snowbank.

"You always get to have all the fun. And my sister always spends time with you. If only we could trade places..." She grabbed him in an embrace. "But you won't be there forever, will you? Even though it mentioned no return, you will be coming back, right? Right?" Her head sank to his shoulder.

{There's a sign on the wall,} he thought. {But she wants to be sure, 'cause you know sometimes words have two meanings.} He spoke to her, a few words from a tale of caution from Vale. "In a tree by the brook, there's a songbird who sings sometimes all of our thoughts are misgiven." He returned the embrace. "Even if he wants me to die, I'll come back."

"Please, my brother," she said, wiping tears from her eyes. "Come back. Come back to your sister." She gripped him tighter, and he understood why she had come to him.

{It makes me wonder,} he thought to himself. {It makes me wonder. I only wish her sister felt the same way.}

{LaT}

The trip to Imil lasted months. Felix stared to the west often, thinking of his family and his "sister." One day, he complained to Menardi as soon as she had left the house where Alex resided. "There's a feeling I get when I look to the west, and my spirit is crying for leaving." Menardi nodded.

"I feel the same way. If I am away from the others too long, I miss them as well. Perhaps we can convince Alex to come with us." She nodded, then turned to talk with Saturos.

On the way back, they looked at the dead and dying trees of the northern countryside. He remembered forest fires from back in Vale, and the image of those trees burning burst into his mind as he looked at the two Proxans and their "friend." As he walked up to Karst to greet her with his return, she smiled.

"What did you see, Felix?" she asked. He took a deep breath before plunging into a tale of the many sights. "Boring," she

said after he'd gotten through half of the trip. "Most of that you can see around here." He nodded. "Was there anything different?" Another nod. "Well, what was it?"

"In my thoughts, I have seen rings of smoke through the trees." She looked at him, a pale look on her already pale visage.

"And the voices of those who stand looking," she muttered. "Forest fires, and the voices of those who do nothing to stop them. Murderous lot. Perhaps it was good that I hadn't gone with. I might have gotten angry with you. Or with them, if they spurred you onto those visions." She smiled and gripped his shoulders firmly. "It's good to have you back, though, my brother."

{LaT}

"It makes me wonder," said Felix as he walked south. His sister was now with them, and he was angry with Saturos and Menardi. Alex, too, was a source of anger. They had all forced him to take his sister hostage. "It really makes me wonder." {In Prox, you two were role models, and Alex at least acted like he cared. What happened?} He sat down next to his sister. "We leave for Imil today," he said, frowning.

"Why? I mean, besides lighting the beacons. Or is that the only reason?" He shook his head. "And why do you follow them? Is there some other reason?" He barely managed to keep himself from nodding, saying nothing instead. "Felix? Come on, you can trust me!" She stared up at him, a pitiful expression planted on her face.

"I'm going to get some more food," he said, moving towards the other part of the camp. He stood up there. On a distant hilltop, a man was playing a strange instrument that looked

like four pipes sticking out of a cloth sack. Very strange. Alex had called him a "piper," though he said that for everyone who played an instrument with pipes. {And it's whispered that soon - if we all call the tune - then the piper will lead us to reason.} He pondered this for a moment, staring out at the landscape.

Menardi clapped a hand on his shoulder. "My sister enjoys your company. Too bad she labeled you a brother - you would have made a fine pair." She smiled. "After all, if you strengthen up a little, you may just have a chance of becoming a warrior." She laughed, a coarse laugh, and slapped his rear. "Of course, it'll never happen, but..." She smiled again. "I have first watch, and I don't want to be watching your backside. Scoot down into camp and go to sleep." Her expression turned serious, and her voice became hard.

He complied, but as he turned, he said something to the wind. "And a new day will dawn for those who stand long, and the forests will echo with laughter." Menardi knocked him upside the head with the handle of her scythe.

"Bed!" she shouted. "All who are not in their bags by the count of ten will be punished!" Alex and Saturos ducked into their shared tent, as did Felix, Jenna, and Kraden. Menardi laughed. "Good. Saturos, dear, I'll wake you for the second watch." Saturos's voice shouted a reply.

"God, I'd hate to have watch duty," said Felix, turning over. "Jenna, Kraden, you two get to sleep. I... I don't want either of you to face Menardi's wrath." His head fell onto his pillow, and he fell fast asleep.

{LaT}

The eighteen-year-old put his head in his hands as he looked about at the group he'd been cast in. {Two psychic midgets, an immortal with blue hair, a healer, a slow klutz, Mr. Strong-and-silent, and my sister. Oh, and the sage, mustn't forget the sage who babbles incessantly.} He rolled his eyes. If only she could be here. But she couldn't. He'd just made her feel worse by ending it so quickly.

Sheba walked over to him. "I know what you're thinking," she said. "You miss her, don't you?" He nodded. "Don't worry. Soon, it'll all be over, and you can go back to her."

He shook his head. "No, I can't. I can't face her, not after I acted like such a bastard." He turned to face her. "I just can't, Sheba. I mean, how would you feel if someone you loved abandoned you?" She whacked him upside the head.

"Abandoned?! Felix, you didn't abandon her, you... put things on hold to save the world, that's all. Listen, if you had abandoned her, do you think she really would have been there to see us off?" He opened his mouth to respond. "And don't say she was there to say goodbye to Ivan. She knew who needed to complete the quest. I read her mind when she was paying attention to everything else. You're the destined one, or so she thinks. And in her mind, few things were as important as your success. Except... No, even that was a distant second. And if you even think of asking what, I swear, I'll knock your teeth out."

He nodded, not caring what she'd said. In his mind, he was still right. And that was all he needed. "Let's just go light the beacon," he said to her, calling the rest of the group together. "C'mon, sis." As soon as the group had assembled, they began to walk through the deserted hallways of the Lighthouse.

{LaT}

Felix stared down at the twin forms lying there. "Karst... Agatio... What are you two doing here?" Karst looked at him, her eyes misting over. "Were... Were you two the dragons?" he asked.

"I... I remember fighting you... Felix, I'm sorry... I couldn't control my actions..." He nodded, taking her hand. "Please... Light the beacon. We can't. I only hope I live long enough to see it lit." She smiled, her face still intact despite her broken body. "So cold... But we of Prox are immune to the cold... At least your hand is warm. Goodbye, Felix..." A shudder wracked her body.

"Take the Mars Star, Isaac," said Felix. "You carried it through to Jupiter... Carry it to the Aerie." Isaac shook his head.

"They sacrificed themselves so you could light the beacon. You carry it. You toss it in. Perhaps they'll live." He pushed Felix towards the round gem. He picked it up, looking into its depths.

"To think, such a trivial-looking thing could cause so much bloodshed..." He pocketed the glowing red gem. "Let's go light the beacon." The others walked off with him, leaving behind the sobering scene of death and destruction.

{LaT}

"Get off of there!" came Hama's voice, shouting urgently. "The Wise One foresaw danger! Leave now!" Jenna shouted back at the voice.

"We can't! Do you want our parents to die?!" Felix nodded, although he knew Hama wouldn't see it. "We'll just bring our

parents down with us!" Clearly irritated, Hama cut off their contact.

Kraden's shouting brought everyone back to the present. "The beacon is growing larger! I think it's going to sweep over us!" The giant ball of flame had, indeed, grown larger. "Run! Everybody run to the lifts!"

"I'm not leaving without my father!" shouted Isaac, running to grab his dad's arm.

"I can't move! Something's holding on to me!" shouted Garet. Felix felt it too - a wave of power, holding him down. Something flattened him, and he could see the other Adepts falling. He flipped over with some effort - and suppressed a gasp as he noticed the beacon of Mars Lighthouse flying over him.

"Amazing," he whispered as it flew over him, blazing with all the glory of its element. "Simply amazing." Something caused his head to snap towards his parents. As soon as the blazing orb had passed over them, his mother stirred.

"Felix?" she asked. "Wh-what happened?" Felix tried to tell her, but his mouth had stopped working. "Am I... Are we... dead?" Felix tried standing up, but only managed to sit. He shook his head.

He opened his mouth - and words tumbled out. "No, I don't think so. I... I think the beacon saved you..." The Wise One came into their view with a flash.

"Isaac," he said. The younger Venus Adept walked towards the stone. An instant later, Isaac was back with the others, who were just getting up. "You know what must be done. Farewell." With that, the giant rock vanished into thin air. Felix got up, then walked over to his parents and helped

them to walk. Within half an hour, they were down the lighthouse and back to the village. The Proxan Healers took them and quickly got to work at healing the three adult Adepts.

{LaT}

Felix, now twenty-six, sat on the couch. His young son was entertaining him by re-enacting, with his younger cousin, the battle of Jupiter Lighthouse. Naturally, he was Felix, and she was Jenna, and various stuffed animals were Piers, Sheba, and the two villains. Jason had just gotten to the climax of the battle - this was always when he'd stick his wooden spoon - no, sword - into whatever doll represented Agatio - when a noise came from outside. "Yeep!" he shouted. "What was that, Dad?" Felix got up and looked out the window, only to see his wife rooting around in the garden.

"If there's a bustle in your hedgerow, don't be alarmed now," he said to his son and niece. "It's just a spring clean for the May Queen. Your mother is just fixing up the garden. Perhaps I should send Salt or Geode to help her..." Moments later, a small Djinni appeared on her shoulder.

"Already doin', boss. Miz Hama 'ere said she wanted 'elp with the garden, so me an' Salt got together an' started 'elpin'. Knew ya wouldn' mind... Hope ya don', at leas'..." Felix nodded, laughing a little. He laughed. The boy leapt up on his father's shoulders, causing him to fall back onto the couch.

"Tell me how you met the Djinni again, Dad," he said. Felix nodded.

"Fine, fine, I'll tell you, Jason. You want to hear as well, Anna?" The little girl nodded and jumped up onto the couch.

"Yeah! I wanna hear the story too! Tell it, Uncle Felix!" Jason shot a glare at her.

Felix laughed at the two, then sat them next to each other and began to tell the story. "Fine, here's how it goes..."

{LaT}

"Great, and I thought Jason was trouble... Are you sure it's going to be twins?" She nodded, smiling at him.

"Sergei and Amanda, if I predict right. That's the trouble... I can't see my own future, or the future of my own family, except that I know we'll..." She trailed off. He shrugged, then hugged her tight. "Well, there's still how we break it to Jason."

"I know, I know, say nothing or tell him right out. Well, there are two paths you can go by, but in the long run there's still time to change the road you're on." He shrugged. "If we don't tell him, we can let him figure it out on his own. If we tell him, we can't go back and say you're lying."

"Or he can listen to you two talking about it in the kitchen," came the seven-year-old's voice. "If it's going to be twins, I want two sisters. That way, I can tell Michael that they're family when he's old enough to date."

Felix exchanged a significant glance with Hama before looking at his young son. "But if they're daughters, they'll tease you if you fall in love." He laughed. "I mean, say you start dating Natalie-" Jason cut him off.

"Eew! Michael's into that stuff, not me!" He made a face. "Eew! Not me." He ran from the room.

{LaT}

Bells rang, organ music played, and the general mood of the whole place was happy and light. Felix smiled, waiting for the big moment to occur. He smiled, recalling, with a little tear, the seven-year-old who had said that love was for "sissies and people who can't fight anymore." Hama was crying next to him. "Heh, looks like our little boy has finally grown up. You should be happy for him."

"I am," she said through the tears. "I just can't believe it. He grew up so fast that I almost missed it. And Amanda and Angela... I can't believe that they're out traveling the world..." She broke down crying, and he just sat there, holding her. "I'm sorry, dear. It's just... It's so hard for me to let go of them, but they've already flown away."

Felix patted her shoulder. "There, there, dear. We still have each other. And I'm sure they'll bring their children over to see us. We can still see them - it'll just be different, that's all. We'll make it, and we'll be happy together until we die."

Garet walked down the aisle, his daughter's arm hooked into his own. The ceremony was a breeze - at least, until the final vows, when everything slowed down.

The Great Healer smiled. "Do you, Natalie Jerra, take Jason Michaels to be your husband?" She nodded, tears streaming down her face. "And do you, Jason Michaels-"

"I do," said the twenty-year-old man, showing unseemly haste for a Jupiter Adept. In another hasty move, he grabbed his new wife in an embrace and kissed her before the Healer could say another word. Felix was crying by now, too, proud of his son, although he would have to have a word with the bridegroom later about timing. Hama wept, but her tears were tears of joy, and the older couple smiled through the

tears as they watched their child walk down the aisle, no longer the young boy they had raised.

{LaT}

The grandchildren had come for another visit. The aging seventy-year-old and his wife greeted them, glee sparkling in their eyes. Okay, so maybe the grandchildren were now teenagers; that didn't mean they weren't still grandchildren. Felix smiled through the tears. "Although I must say, music plays in my head more often than not," he said to his wife as their daughter sat down with them. "It goes like this," he said, humming a few bars. [AN: It's the intro to "Stairway to Heaven."]

"Your head is humming and it won't go? In case you don't know, the Piper's calling you to join him. Remember how you told me about that strange man the Bastard King called 'the piper?'" Felix nodded, confused. "Well, he's probably dead right now, and he probably is calling to you from beyond. Think about it. I mean, Aunt Sheba and Uncle Piers may have eternity, but, to be frank, you're wearing out. You might last as long as you said Great-great-grandmother Ameli did, but that means you only have seventeen years left, if that many. You might last longer, but I really do think you should start planning." Hama shook her head.

"Amanda, dear, I appreciate your concern, but according to my visions, and Jason's visions, and even Sheba's visions, we still have plenty of years left, and we'll be spending them together. I only wish I knew what Ivan's visions were, but he doesn't get them as often, I think." Amanda nodded. Eoleo, her husband, spoke up.

"Still, mum, you ought to consider it. I mean, just because Great-grandmother Obaba lived to be a hundred doesn't

mean you will. Besides, no offense, but Sheba's getting to be a bit... old, wouldn't you say? Perhaps she's getting a bit inaccurate. Or maybe she wanted to hide the truth from you. That would explain why Jason said what he said. And have you forgotten what you told us? You can't see what yourself or Dad are going to go through." He held her hand. "But if it means that much to you, we'll stop talking about it, okay?" She nodded.

"It's just..." said the older couple. They smiled at each other. "Go ahead, Felix," said Hama.

"Fine. It's just, we want to see our great-grandchildren, and maybe our great-great-grandchildren." He shrugged. "But if you think we're going to die, then maybe we should just drop your inheritance."

"Sorry, sorry Dad. I didn't mean to insult you two. It's just... expected, you know?" He shook his head. "What I mean is, I wouldn't be surprised if it happened soon. You're not as fit as you used to be, you've got asthma, you get sick more easily... It just doesn't look like you're going to be around much longer."

Felix grinned, a wry grin. "So speaks the Venus Adept, wise in the ways of the world, so much like her husband, who was actually born before the beacons were lighted. If it wasn't for the fact that your children are more polite than you are at times, I'd've kicked you out of the house." They smiled, and Felix yawned. "I'm getting tired too early. Well, it looks like it's off to bed for me. Are you going to stay up late, dear?" Hama shook her head.

"I'm coming with you, you old son of a goat. I'm going to make sure you don't trip and break a bone or something. After all, you may still have powerful Psynergy, but what's

the use if you don't have enough energy to use it?" He nodded, taking her arm as he walked off to their bedroom.

{LaT}

Felix stood up at the makeshift podium. "Today, we lay to rest..." He turned and looked at them. "No, I can't do it! Leave me be!" His children, children-in-law, grandchildren, nieces, and nephews forced him back onto the podium. "Fine, I'll do it, but you'll regret it. Today, we lay to rest our dearest comrade Isaac Flint, who leaves behind two children, a wife, five grandchildren, a grumpy brother-in-law, and more in-laws than you can shake a stick at besides him. And Garet, don't pretend you aren't grumpy." The silver-haired Mars Adept muttered something. "Jenna, I have something Isaac wanted me to tell you if he died before you. Here it goes." He cleared his throat and raised a massive tome to his eyes.

"We should've gotten him the glasses," his son muttered to his wife. Natalie nodded in agreement. "Then he wouldn't have to hold it so close to his nose all the time." Hama whacked him upside the head.

"Here it is!" he shouted. "Jenna, Isaac said to say this: Dear lady, can you hear the wind blow? And did you know your stairway lies on the whispering wind? I'm assuming he meant that little stairway to Heaven that our Great-grandmother built that got toppled in that windstorm about seventy years ago or so." Jenna, breaking from her usual hardened self, was weeping, gushing rivers spouting from her face.

Felix concluded the ceremony and, with the help of his sons and nephews, lowered Isaac's casket into the ground. The Mars Star glowed eerily in Isaac's son's jacket.

{LaT}

"And as we wind on down the road, our shadows taller than our soul..." Felix had taken to reading poetry as of late. After all, he figured, what age would be better to start at than ninety-eight? Except maybe ninety-nine, he had said after reading most of Isaac's "intellectual drivel."

"Felix, I swear, you've read that line a hundred times, at least! What are you doing it for?" Hama looked at him over the top of the glasses she had finally allowed her children to get her. Felix lowered his and polished them on his shirt.

"It just strikes me as beautiful, like you do. In fact, this whole poem does for some reason. I really like it." He gave her an honest smile.

"Are you sure it doesn't remind you of Jenna?" asked his wife. "After all, the next line is, 'There walks a lady we all know who shines white light and wants to show how everything still turns to gold.' That was Jenna's only fault - she loved the shine of polished gold so much that she once wished that she could have a touch that turned everything to gold. Never got it of course, but..." Hama shrugged.

Felix stood and walked over to his wife. "Dear, the reason I read this intellectual drivel is because it helps me to understand Isaac and Jenna. This one piece just happens to describe us. I think we should have a copy framed over the mantle." Their grandchildren chose this moment to interrupt.

"Gramps, we've got some visitors for you! Would you mind babysitting for a while?" He shook his head, excited at the prospect of playing with the young ones. Hama smiled too, slowly getting out of her chair. "Good day, little ones. Felix,

come over here." The two of them walked over to the door and went to greet their grandchildren.

{LaT}

Felix lay in bed. Yesterday had been his hundred-and-fourth birthday, and the week before Hama's hundred-and-seventh. "And if you listen very hard, the tune will come to you at last..." The tune the "piper" had played had never sounded clearer. Hama's breathing could be heard next to him.

"I haven't long to live, and neither do you," she said. "I'm not sure I was meant to live so long. But at least we'll be together, yes?" He nodded, holding her tight. Her eyes fell closed, and as they did, she let out her last breath.

"Goodbye, my love." He held on to her. Breath was escaping him. He was almost ready to die - almost. There was still one thing he meant to do. He had to finish reading the poem in his mind. "When all are one and one is all," he said, ending the last lines, "to be a rock and not to roll..." His breath became labored, he was slipping into the darkness... But he had just enough strength for a few more words. His family had gathered around them in their final moments. "And she's buying... a stairway... to heaven..." He exhaled. Thus passed Felix Williams, Villainous Hero of Angara.

{LaT}

"Felix Williams, 18 AD - 86 AL. Died in the arms of his wife, Hama of Contigo, and the presence of his family. Died at age 104."

{eos}

8BTFreek: And thus ends my longest Fanfic ever, at a whopping 11 pages of story, and over 5000 words with

authors' notes, almost 5000 without. Well, you know what to do.

Eshli: After watching him labor on this piece for half of forever, even I think he deserves some credit. So review, or he'll just pump out another massive OneShot based on an even longer song. Probably American Pie or Albuquerque.

8BTFreek: Nonsense, neither of those are good for creating a Fanfic around. Oh, but don't worry, if you liked this, just wait 'til I get the Isaac Life Story up. It'll be like this one, a look into the life of Isaac through little bits that tend to mean a lot to a person, and that give insight into the person's life.

Rand: So... long... Well, click the little purple button in the left-hand corner there and he'll be very happy... and he probably won't force us to go through that ordeal again.